



THE BENBOW'S OPEN GATE

MILLENNIAL STAR

Millennial STAR

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ORGANISED WORKERS

IT has enriched and made my life beautiful. It has sweetened my days and made them wonderful. It has brought love into my marriage and made it Celestial. It has brought joy into our family life and filled our home with friends.

What is this marvellous "it"?

It is the gospel of service, which was taught me at a tender age in the Church of Jesus Christ.

How grateful I am that in the restored Church of Jesus Christ, we find a Church of organised workers and not organised listeners.

How grateful I am that we do not pay someone to do our thinking for us, to do our visiting to the sick, to do our missionary work, to do our teaching, to do our enlistment work, to conduct our meetings, to preside over the work of the branches or the districts. These beautiful privileges of service in the Lord's Church are reserved for the members.

Christ said: "If ye love me keep my commandments" (John 14: 15). But when the Prophet Joseph Smith gave us the full words spoken by the Saviour, they were: "If thou lovest me **thou shalt serve me** and keep all my commandments" (D. & C. 42: 29). The Saviour put service first as a condition of showing our love for Him.

Through this blessed privilege of service comes growth, love, serenity, peace, wisdom, joy, sweetness—in fact, great and good are the blessings of him who chooses to serve.

This is a day in which everyone seeks security. We lay great stress on old-age pensions and social security of governments. However, one of the

most beautiful promises for those who want security is given to those who willingly serve. The Lord said: "Behold, the Lord requireth the heart and a willing mind; and the willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land of Zion in these last days." (D. & C. 64: 34).

I believe the Celestial Glory to be a glory of service. If one has not learned to serve here, he cannot be a part of the glory of service there. For, is it not presided over by Jesus Christ, whose whole life was one of service to others, even to the giving of His life?

Those born of Ephraim or Manasseh, or through worthiness are adopted into the tribe of Ephraim, have the blessed privilege of service in building the Kingdom for the return of the King, Jesus Christ. Those who do not serve, and who do not choose to be valiant in keeping the commandments are rebellious and will have their blessings taken from them.

"For, verily I say that the rebellious are not of the blood of Ephraim, wherefore they shall be plucked out" (D. & C. 64:36).

Serve, my beloved brethren and sweet sisters. Service is the great path to perfection. Service is character-building at its best. Service brings sunshine to the soul. Service in the Church brings spirituality, humility, and a faith like unto that of a child. Service brings us close to our Father in heaven here, and will bring us into His presence for ever if we falter not in faithfulness. What a blessed privilege is this service. Serve while the sun shines! Be known as one of the organised workers who serve!

—TBW



Elder Terry Warner

We
Loved
Him

A FAREWELL

FOR the past 18 months, Elder Terry Warner has brought spirit and inspiration to the *Millennial Star* as its Associate Editor. He has kept the material fresh, new and alive with motivation towards perfection in our lives.

The last assignments given Elder Warner were to visit John Benbow's Farm in Herefordshire and Pratt's Hill in Edinburgh.

His article on President Wilford Woodruff and John Benbow's Farm is in the current issue of the *Star*. You will find it inspiring and motivating as were all the articles he wrote.

His recent letter to me was touching and inspirational. He told how he climbed Herefordshire Beacon, which is a high hill overlooking Worcester-shire, Herefordshire and Gloucester-shire, and there, in the peace of that place and in the presence of four curious sheep, knelt down and poured out his heart to his Father in heaven for the progress of this mission. He thanked his Father for the greatness of those who went before, and prayed

that we, as members and missionaries, might walk uprightly in the shadow of those great men.

His visit to Pratt's Hill, where Orson Pratt in the early days of the missionary work in Scotland prayed to the Lord mightily that he would be given 250 converts from that City, was described in detail. On that sacred spot, Elder Warner again knelt and asked that the Lord would bless us with converts to the Church and grant us success in the New Era programmes.

We will miss Elder Warner, his cheerfulness, his spirituality, his great faith and his wonderful talents. Many times he made the impossible seem easy as he lent his faith and talents to our problems. In this New Era he was one of the first to catch the vision of it and inspire others to rise to the challenge of it. He towered high in his faith and devotion, his power and influence were felt by all. We thank our Father in heaven for his timely presence here in the British Mission.

—TBW

We
Greet
Him



Elder Richard B. Oliver

A WELCOME

IN the mission field, it has been faith promoting to me, that each time someone is released, there is one equally qualified to replace the released one.

It is as though the Lord keeps a continuity of talent provided in the advancement of his work.

To strengthen our testimony of this fact that the Lord sends his servants at the time of need for replacement of those who have valiantly served and been released, is the appointment of Elder Richard B. Oliver as Associate Editor of the *Millennial Star* and Editor of the *NEW ERA Bulletin* to Missionaries.

Elder Oliver has already been in the Mission Office since January 10th, where he has been editing the *NEW ERA* and helping with the *STAR*. The transition has been so smooth that continuity of quality and production has been uninterrupted since he first took over the work on the *Millennial Star* with the April issue.

Elder Oliver is a talented writer and has a broad background in the field of education and engineering. He has his Bachelor of Engineering degree which he took at Yale University, graduating in June of 1957. He has been recently honoured with a scholarship at Stanford University in California to attend their school of law. To those acquainted with the universities in America, Yale and Stanford are among the top in the entire country. Elder Oliver has been an honour student. He is an avid reader, and a deep thinker. Yet, with all of his education, he is a man of simple faith and deep humility.

He will continue the *Millennial Star* in its rich tradition of the past as the oldest continuous publication of the Church. And, it is our feeling that he will fulfil his assignment admirably.

We thank our Father in heaven for the timeliness of his presence and consider it one of our great blessings.

—TBW

Encouragement for REPENTANCE

by Stephen L. Richards

President Stephen L. Richards of the First Presidency was recently in London on Church business. He sends his greetings to all British Saints with this article.



IT is said that the Dispensation of the Meridian of Time opened with the words: "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. 3:2), first uttered by John the Baptist and then by the Saviour after his ordeal of fasting and temptation, when "From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

It is interesting to contemplate the intonation of voice used in the pronouncement of these first portentous words. I have heard them repeated in tones of a piercing proclamation to convey the impression of a stern command and authoritative exhortation. Undoubtedly they were meant to be all three—a penetrating pronouncement, a command, and an exhortation. But I like to think that there was also an intonation in the voice of our Lord, as He spoke these words, indicative of entreaty and kindly solicitude to the erring ones to whom the words were addressed.

A part of the mission of our Saviour was to bring the element of mercy to the rigorous, exacting, hard-hearted people among whom His mission began. When he taught forbearance and kindly, merciful consideration for human frailty and weakness, He was accused of violating and dispensing with the law. His

reply to this accusation was: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."

Repentance was always, and is, a part of the law and the Gospel plan, and the mercy which the Saviour brought is essential to the doctrine of repentance and to the administration of the laws of God. The fine balance between the two is preserved for us in the great principle that mercy shall not rob justice (Alma 42:25), nor justice, mercy.

Before I write further on the principle of repentance, I wish to make it clear that I regard all laws of the Gospel as essential in the plan of salvation, and that no one may hope to obtain the highest exaltation in the celestial kingdom without complying with every law and every commandment given of the Lord for men to follow. I believe also that the Lord fully recognises the frailties and the weaknesses of His children while they undergo mortal probation. He subjected them to the tests of mortality. He gave them their free agency to cope with its temptations and problems. He planted within them a sense of right, and surrounded them with his Holy Spirit to help them chart the course of their lives, but He knew from the beginning that not all would have the vision and

the strength of character to pursue the straight and narrow way. He knew that many would succumb.

So, repentance was from the beginning a necessary part of the plan indicative of the love and mercy of the Lord. The laws and commandments are themselves generous and loving provisions formulated by our Father to bring to pass the greatest possible happiness and blessing to his vast family whom he loves. Every single commandment, stern as it may appear to some, is in reality an avenue to the glorious realm of peace and happiness. But repentance is an outstanding principle of mercy and love and kindness, attesting the concern and love of the Father for His children; for, in final analysis, He gave His Beloved Son, not alone to redeem us from the effect of transgressions which lie heavy upon the whole race of men, but also to give to us the inexpressibly glorious opportunity of repenting of our own individual transgressions so that we might again come back into His presence clean and forgiven.

I have never regarded repentance as being a static thing. It is difficult to imagine how men may repent once and for all a full lifetime of experience. I look upon it as a progressive principle applying to each of us day by day. With those who have been given the noble concepts of a perfect life, there must be very few, if any, who do not feel that each day he or she may have fallen short of the ideal of perfecting; so, each day, working towards, but failing to realise this lofty goal, each must feel the need for repentance—and so each, with such a feeling of inadequacy, will seek the forgiveness of his Father in heaven and also his fellow men. It is this constant sorrowing and striving that constitutes the progressive, constantly

applicable, principle of repentance. This ever-recurring acknowledgment of weakness and error and seeking and living for the higher and better will lead us to perfection.

We have a tendency to grade and evaluate the mistakes of life. Some deviations we classify as serious, even to the point of unforgivable. Others we look upon with more allowance. In some cases the gravity of the offence and the extent of culpability are subjects for judicial determination by those appointed to be judges in the Church of our Father. All such judgments are authoritative, and we believe almost without exception, righteous judgments. The penalties are to be observed. But even such serious infractions do not do away with the merciful principle of repentance, and I know of no judicial tribunal in the Church that does not uniformly admonish and entreat those who are convicted of offences to repent, to sin no more, and by their lives seek to be worthy of forgiveness.

There are so-called lesser offences which are not brought to the attention of Church tribunals but which frequently come before the presiding officials who are judges in Israel, with relation to the advancement in the priesthood, temple recommends, and suitability for officers in the organisations. I wish each one who may feel that his progress is being retarded, and he is not recognised as he would like to be, might ask himself what there is in his life to bring about this retardation. I am sure that each one, if he is frank with himself, will find the answer. There is a remedy—a universal remedy—that does not fail. It is repentance, turning away from that which impairs progress and deprives one of

(continued on page 192)

WILFORD WOODRUFF

by Terry Warner

WHEN Roman philosophers and statesmen replaced apostles as leaders of the Church that called itself Christ's, one of the first doctrines they eschewed was the Saviour's teaching that men's spirits dwelled with God before they were born on earth. The Protestant reformers like Luther and Wesley inherited their heresy. Because of it, Catholic and Protestant thinkers have never been able to account for the seeming injustice in circumstances of men, but have concluded that they are predestined to be as they are, noble or wretched, brilliant or backward, saved or damned, by their Creator.

To understand the story of Wilford Woodruff, one must realise that men have progressed as spirits in the pre-existence and brought the characters developed there to earth with them. Some became so worthy in that state that "God saw these souls that they were good . . . and he said: These will I make my rulers." "Before thou camest forth out of the womb," said the Lord to Jeremiah, "I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." Essential to the beginning of Wilford Woodruff's biography is the fact that he was ordained in the heavenly councils to be a prophet—depending on his faithfulness—and that powers both divine and demonic knew it. Only by knowing this can one understand his amazing life.

Like bright golden strands in a threadbare cloth, two intertwining series of events glisten in history's memory of the childhood of Wilford

Woodruff, which began 152 years ago. One of them was the spiritual development that began in his earliest years. The other was an incredible string of accidents that 27 separate times jeopardised his life.

While the young Joseph Smith was observing the religious revival in his community with mixed excitement and hesitancy, Wilford Woodruff, a year and a half younger and not 300 miles away, was doing the same. The place where he lived was Farmington, Connecticut; and the revival was fostered mainly by the Baptists, who preached in his home. He attended the meetings, prayed, and tried to get the same enthusiasm the others professed, but couldn't. Neither could he give himself for baptism as his stepmother and relatives had done.

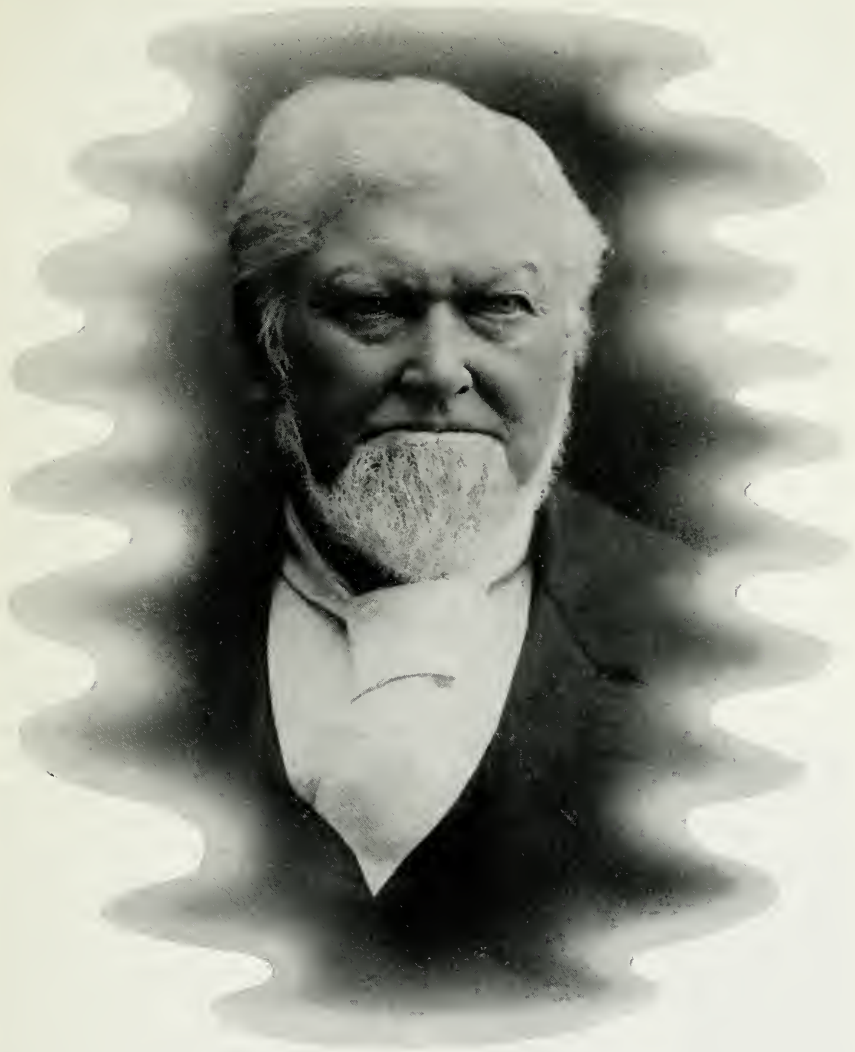
When he was 14 he faced the decision again, this time with the Presbyterian Church.

"I attended the meetings," he later wrote, "I tried to get religion by effort and prayer, but my efforts created darkness instead of light and I was not happy in the attempt. They wanted us to give our hearts to God without . . . explaining any principle in a comprehensive manner . . . I did not wish to make a mockery of sacred things by professing light when I had received none, so I kept aloof from all professions."

It was significant that Joseph Smith and Wilford Woodruff reacted in the same way.

Connecticut in those days had not outgrown a puritan intolerance. Beliefs beyond orthodox Presbyterianism were thought wicked—including hopes for prophets and revelation. Yet one

Great Missionary Moments



old man held that the fullness of the Gospel was still to come. He taught this to young Wilford. His name was Robert Mason.

When Wilford was 23, and three years before he heard the Gospel, Robert Mason related a vision he had had while in his field 30 years before :

"I found myself in the midst of a vast orchard of fruit trees. I was very hungry and walked a long way through the orchard searching for fruit to eat; but I could not find any . . . and I wept . . . While I stood in amazement the trees began to fall to the ground as if torn up by a whirlwind, until there was not one tree standing in the whole orchard.

Then I saw shoots springing up from the roots and forming themselves into young and beautiful trees. These budded, blossomed and brought forth fruit which ripened and was the most beautiful to look upon of anything my eyes had ever beheld. I stretched forth my hand and plucked some of the fruit. I gazed upon it with delight; but when I was about to eat of it, the vision closed and I did not taste the fruit. I bowed down in humble prayer and asked the Lord to show me the meaning of the vision. Then the Lord said unto me: 'Thou hast sought me diligently to know the truth concerning my Church and kingdom among men. This is to show you that my Church is not organised among men in the generation to which you belong; but in the days of your children the Church and kingdom of God shall be made manifest with all the gifts and blessings enjoyed by the Saints in past ages. You shall live to be made acquainted with it, but shall not partake of its blessings before you depart this life. You will be blessed of the Lord after death because you have followed the dictation of my Spirit.'

Then he said, "Wilford, I shall never partake of this fruit in the flesh, but you will and you will become a conspicuous actor in the new kingdom." Those were the last words Robert Mason spoke to his young friend. When Wilford Woodruff joined the Church he wrote him a long letter telling him about the Restoration, the Priesthood and the Prophet and made this entry in his journal: "He received my letter with great joy and had it read over to him many times. He was very aged and soon died without having the privilege of receiving the ordinances of the gospel . . ."

Robert Mason's influence stirred Wilford to long hours of prayer and study.

"I had pleaded with the Lord many hours in the forest, among the rocks, in the fields and in the mill . . . for light

and truth and for His spirit to guide me in the way of salvation. My prayers were answered and many things revealed to me. My mind was open to the truth so much that I was fully satisfied that I should live to see the Church of Christ established upon the earth and to see a people raised up who would keep the commandments of the Lord."

While Wilford Woodruff was growing spiritually, another thread was weaving itself into the fabric. It took this pattern:

At three he fell into a cauldron of scalding water and was in critical condition for nine months.

At five and six he sustained so many injuries that even he deferred listing them all in his exhaustive journal. One day he fell from the top beam in his father's barn on to his face upon the bare floor. Again he was critically hurt but recovered quickly. The same year he fell down stairs and broke his arm. While feeding pumpkins to his father's cattle, a bull charged him ferociously. He fled downhill but in the nick of time fell flat; the pumpkin he carried squirted from his arms; the bull leaped over him and shattered the pumpkin with his horns. And not long after he fell from a porch on to a pile of timber and fractured the other arm.

Still six, he was riding on the headlock of a carriage when his leg caught between the headlock and the fender post and was broken in two. For nine hours he lay in agony before the bones could be reset. No sooner had the leg mended than he was kicked in the abdomen by an ox. After he had loaded his first wagonful of hay and was driving it to the barn, the wheel struck a boulder and wagon, load and all fell on top of him.

Two years later the wagon he was driving overturned again, this time when the horse bolted; but he escaped

unhurt. The same year a tree limb he was climbing snapped and he fell to the ground on his back. His cousin thought he was dead and ran to his parents, but before they reached him he revived and met them on the way.

At 12 he nearly drowned in Farmington River. Though he sank in 30 feet of water he was miraculously saved.

The next year he was caught in a blinding snowstorm and frozen so severely that he crawled into a hollow tree trunk and fell asleep. He would have died there had not a man seen him and with much difficulty aroused him.

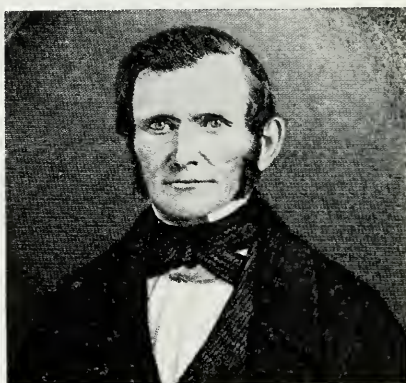
At 14 he split his left instep open with an axe nearly severing his foot. It caused him acute suffering for nine months.

A mad dog in the worst stages of hydrophobia bit his hand when he was 15—but he “was preserved from an awful death” by the fact that the bite drew no blood!

He narrowly missed death two years later when the horse he was riding bolted down a steep rocky hillside. It bucked wildly but Wilford clutched its ears and straddled its head, “expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces against the rocks.” They careened violently downhill until the horse crashed into a high rock that threw him to the ground. Wilford flew over his head at that terrible speed—but landed squarely on his feet a rod in front of the horse! Had another part of his body struck first he would have been killed instantly. One of his legs was multiply fractured and both ankles severely dislocated. Then for eight hours he lay in excruciating pain until medical aid could arrive.

By the time he was 20, Wilford Woodruff had been given charge of a flour mill. As he was clearing off one of the great water wheels a workman turned it on full force. He was caught by the legs in the wheel, then hurled over the wheel's rim into the water. Had not his weight pulled his legs from where they were caught he would have been crushed as the wheel went round. The accident recurred at another mill as he was standing on the top of a large breastwheel. He leapt twenty feet to the stone below, was drawn by the wheel into the water, but a scant two feet saved him from being crushed against the stone.

Later in life a musket aimed at his breast snapped accidentally but did not discharge. When he was riding on the running gear of a wagon he was caught by the legs between the bolster and the tongue in such a way that his head and shoulders dragged on the ground. The frightened horses charged across the prairie with him dragging for half a mile.



WILFORD WOODRUFF IN THE 1840s

A tree he was felling at Winter Quarters in 1848 struck a knoll as it dropped, bounded backward over its own stump, smashed Elder Woodruff

(continued on page 195)

GOOD MORMONS

Brother and Sister
Marriott looking over
the model of the new
multi-million dollar
Marriott Motor Hotel
in Washington, D.C.



Bill and Alice Marriott have been our friends for many years. I am happy the Saturday Evening Post would allow us to excerpt from their article written by Greer Williams entitled: "GOOD MORMONS DON'T GO BROKE." From a humble beginning, Bill has become one of the most wealthy and influential men of America. He has entertained the President of the United States in his home. He has built up a multi-million dollar enterprise of restaurants and motels; and yet, with it all, he has been a choice servant of our Father in heaven. Active all his life in the Church, and just recently released as Stake President of the Nation's Capitol, Washington Stake, he has a firm testimony of the payment of tithing and credits his wealth, his success, his peace and his happiness to the observance of this privileged principle and his service in the Church. His wife Alice has been his support, his sweetheart and his co-worker in the Church. A man of prominence, and a man of principle is our friend Bill. TBW

DON'T GO BROKE

The golden rule is still the greatest principle in business

IN 1927, a young Mormon elder with a cowboy background, a college education and the name of J. Willard Marriott, took a decisive step. He married the girl, borrowed £75 from his mother-in-law and set forth in a coupé to seek his own private promised land. From Salt Lake City, he drove his bride east, reversing the westward push of the Mormon leaders, Brigham Young, and his covered-wagon train eighty years before.

Some students of Mormon matters have described the trek from Illinois to Utah in 1847 as the most successful religious migration since the exodus of Moses and the children of Israel from Egypt. But Marriott wasted no time visiting landmark or shrine. He drove his lady right through Council Bluffs, Iowa, the site of the Mormon colonists' winter quarters. He missed Independence, Missouri, where earlier Mormon settlers had been driven out, and Nauvoo, Illinois, site of the colony which broke up after a Gentile mob killed the prophet Joseph Smith. Nor did he go near Palmyra, New York, where *The Book of Mormon* was revealed to Smith by the Angel Moroni.

Marriott's many omissions cannot be interpreted as showing any lack of faith, however. Latter-day Saints are advised to be practical, thrifty and industrious. The young man was simply in a hurry to get to Washington, D.C., and begin operation of a stand selling the favourite American soda-pop known as root-beer.

This may seem a fairly meagre mission, but the root-beer stand did all

right. So did Marriott, in both spiritual and temporal affairs. Today, at the age of fifty-eight, he is a high priest and has just recently finished 14 years of service as President of the Washington Stake of Zion, the equivalent of an archdiocese, in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He is also president and principal owner of Hot Shoppes, Inc., a chain of eateries which serves more than 17,000,000 customers and grosses over £3,500,000 (\$10,000,000) each year.

This is a very tasty dish of figures when served following a course of restaurant-mortality statistics. Eighty per cent of restaurants fail within five years, and in one large area 60 per cent changed hands in a single year. Operating any kind of eating place, it has been well established, is one of the better ways of going broke.

But good Mormons do not go broke. Marriott is reputed to be one of the richest individuals in the restaurant business and his Hot Shoppes rank twelfth among the national restaurant chains in dollar volume. In 1949, he was president of the National Restaurant Association.

Washingtonians know all about the Hot Shoppes, though few have heard of Marriott. The places have become an institution in the nation's capital, like sight-seeing buses, the cherry blossoms and the pigeons on Pennsylvania Avenue. Fifteen of them command the city's highway approaches with a thoroughness that would have pleased Gen. Horatio Wright in his Civil War defence of the capital.

Almost everybody who has driven—or been able to sit up in—a car in Washington seems to have eaten a minimum of a barbecue and a milk shake at a Hot Shoppe. This takes in Eleanor Roosevelt, J. Edgar Hoover, apartment-dwelling Government workers who stand in lines to get a Hot Shoppe garden salad or a frosted root-beer, and even that ubiquitous adventurer in good eating, Duncan Hines, stopped in and approved.

About all many patrons can remember is that there was a lot of parking space and a classy dessert called hot-fudge-ice-cream cake, but a critic of our times might describe a Hot Shoppe as an island of mechanised madness in a sea of motor-cars. Physically, it is something with a brilliant orange-tile roof, a big chimney, and a mysterious A. & W. sign overhead. The sign, a remnant of Marriott's humble beginning, refers to Allen and Wright root-beer, a popular Western item for which he had obtained the Washington franchise.

Usually the walls are white and an emblematic silhouette of a running curb is displayed. The style of some Hot Shoppes is that of the 1700's; others run more to ranch house or plain old barbecue-joint architecture. The dictionary, of course, defines "shoppe" as an archaic and affected variant of "shop". The Hot Shoppe may be an affectation of home cookery, but it is anything but archaic.

Marriott offers something for everybody. The service starts at the curb, where the bobby-soxer and her boy friend like to sit and eat in dad's car. It continues on in to a counter, tables and booths in an air-conditioned dining-room. The housewife is lured from her kitchen stove with the well-promoted idea of "Food for the fami-

ly", and Junior, aged three, is invited to pull up a high chair and tear up a menu. The service extends back out again through package stores where bachelor girls can find anything in a freezer from ice-cream pie to wholesome roast turkey. The trade calls a Hot Shoppe a drive-in restaurant.

The most indefatigable patron, as it happens, is J. Willard Marriott himself. From a four-storey commissary, or pre-fabricated-food factory, at 1234 Upshur Street, N.W., in Washington, where his offices are located, he has, through the years, been accustomed to drive out to one or another of the Hot Shoppes for about half of his meals.

Marriott came to Washington, in the first place, because, he says, "It was big and hot," and therefore partial to cold root-beer. A Utah friend who was studying law in the capital matched his £1,070 in savings and went into partnership with him. Root-beer at threepence a glass sold well in their hole-in-the-wall stand at Fourteenth Street, N.W., and Park Road, but when autumn came sales dwindled. Alice Marriott, the loyal bride, had the happy thought of adding sandwiches, chili and hot tamales.

Someone asked them when they were going to open their Hot Shop, and they put the name in the window, using the archaic spelling "Shoppe." Marriott worked the counter while his attractive wife cooked the tamales and rang the cash register. The establishment took in £6,000 the first year.

In 1928, Marriott's partner wanted to return to Utah. "We nearly tossed a coin to see who got the business," Marriott recalls. "Neither of us wanted it very bad." It was he, however, who went to the bank, obtained £1,800 and bought the other fellow out. "It

was the last loan I ever had to have," he said. Within two years, he branched out with three drive-ins, painted orange, all on main avenues of traffic.

Marriott's day tends to correspond with Hot Shoppe operating hours, usually seven a.m. to one a.m., and he may show up on the premises at any time within these limits. A quiet, well-dressed man measuring just under six feet and weighing 175 pounds, he reminds his people of a sandy-haired Will Rogers. His blue eyes are appraising, and his nasal Western drawl, delivered with a twist of his mouth, conveys a sceptical note.

Some years ago Marriott signed a penny postcard for a ten-lesson course in effective public speaking and human relations offered by a local Dale Carnegie. The man chased him down and eventually got him into class. Marriott then hired him to instruct his Hot Shoppe help. "I want to increase the average amount of the customer's bill" he is quoted as saying.

It was an appealing idea to the waitresses too. The more they did as the man said and smiled at the customer and called him by name, the more their tips went up.

Perhaps the most significant part of the self-selling story is the fact that Marriott converted the local Dale Carnegie to the Mormon religion.

Marriott's evangelism was not at all surprising. He was a deacon at twelve and spent two years as a missionary to the New England states when he was nineteen. In company with an old cow-hand and ex-sheriff from Arizona, he passed out tracts in railroad stations and stores and buttonholed Yankees who appeared in need of religion. When president of the Washington Stake, Marriott visited the wards of his stake and spoke at Stake confer-

ences; and he remains always ready, according to his friends, to help the fellow who needs it.

His church status is not wholly comparable to that of a priest or minister of other faiths, as Mormons have no profession of the cloth. All members are Saints and remain laymen when ordained for such offices as deacon, elder, priest or bishop. They are not paid for serving. In his sermons, Marriott leans to texts on home, character, work and clean living, drawing material from a set of little black notebooks containing parable, epigram and anecdote.

"I've always considered it a privilege to pay tithing," says Marriott, who gives his church a tenth of his income. "It has been an asset to me to live the principles of the gospel."

Marriott's only personal dietary peculiarity seems to lie in what he drinks. For breakfast, it is often hot water with lemon and sugar. He drinks neither tea nor coffee, nor anything harder. Nor does he smoke. He patiently explains that his religion opposes the use of all stimulants as unhealthy.

Marriott, the eldest of four boys and four girls, was named after his grandfather, John, a Mormon convert and immigrant from England, who settled Marriott, Utah, near Ogden. The son of Hiram Marriott, a strong-armed rancher and champion sheep shearer, the coming king of the curb hoppers was born there in 1900. He learned the Mormon "Word of Wisdom" on cleanliness from his mother. His father, he figures, gave him a running start on success by assigning him man-sized chores and leaving him to work them out for himself.

The teen-age Marriott rode herd on his father's cattle until the snow got

too deep for them to feed. He also packed food to the shepherders up in the Wasatch Range. "I thought I was quite a cowboy in those days," he recollects. "I used to have a big woolly pair of chaps and a big hat, and wear a gun on each hip." With his two .38s, he banged away at jack-rabbits and coyotes, sometimes hitting them. One morning he scrambled out of his bed-roll on Rattlesnake Mountain and promptly shot his volunteer sleeping companion, a nice specimen with fourteen rattles that had cuddled up to him.

When on the subject of self-reliance, Marriott likes to tell how his father sent him to market in Omaha with a trainload of mixed-brand sheep, purchased on speculation. He was fifteen, and the railroad had a rule that no one under eighteen could ride a freight train. He was put off at Cheyenne. Arriving at Omaha by passenger train, he reported to the commission agent and they spent three days finding his sheep. The herd, too, had been put off, and was feeding near a little town with a herd from Texas. The two herds were thoroughly mixed up.

"They put me on the gate to separate my sheep from the others," said Marriott. "The brands were all mixed, so the only thing I could do was to pick out all the large ones." Utah sheep, he now hastens to explain, are bigger than Texas sheep.

Marriott's associates often comment on his ability to spot a good deal and his inability to stop working. Both qualities were evident when he was working his way through college. In the summers he sold a special kind of black underwear to lumberjacks. They liked virgin wool of sweater weight next to their hides, and were impressed when Marriott would invite two log-

gers to take a leg apiece on his sample suit and try to tear it apart. Throughout the Northwest, they pulled all summer on the same suit without result. He cleared £1,000 the first summer, and the next two years employed forty-five college students to work for him. He continued to get a commission on their sales, even after going into the restaurant business.

He was two hours late for his wedding because of an early-morning trip to try and collect £500 he had coming from a woollen mill. He did not succeed, but his mother-in-law, Mrs. Edwin Sheets, widow of a Mormon bishop, came to his rescue with honeymoon cash.

Every Hot Shoppe is redecorated once a year—the annual maintenance cost is £130,000—and Mrs. Marriott personally attends to the Christmas decorations. When the £100,000 Shirlington Hot Shoppe was opened in Arlington, in 1946, she decorated it with Chinese plates from her own cupboard. A gardener is employed to go from store to store, tending the orange-flowered cannas and replacing the boxwoods on the lawns as fast as satisfied customers pull them up. In her husband's office, under the blown-up photograph of a pack camp in the Teton Mountains of Wyoming, where he does his hunting, there is a nice box of Chinese evergreen and philodendron.

Recognising his non-stop attention to business as the nearest thing to a formula for food-serving success, other restaurant leaders are inclined to speak of Marriott in glowing terms as "the executive type" and a "Christian gentleman".

Marriott mildly observes, "The golden rule is still the greatest principle in business."



WOMEN



Their Wonderful Role

by Belle S. Spafford

At the invitation of the Marchioness of Reading, Sister Belle S. Spafford, general president of the Relief Society of the Church, has been in England just over five weeks studying and evaluating the Women's Voluntary Service organisation. While in England, Sister Spafford attended the Leeds and North London District Conferences. A condensation of her talks to these two conferences is printed as a message to all of the saints of Britain. We were honoured to have had her in our mission and we feel the Church was honoured in having her asked by Lady Reading to assist in this great Women's Voluntary Service organisation of Great Britain. TBW

I AM wondering if any of you realise what it means to me this morning to be in this meeting with people who believe as I believe, have the same ideals and standards, and whose purposes in life are the same as mine. I wonder if you realise what it means to one, who is so many hundreds of miles from home and loved ones, to still be with his own people. The lovely music of the choir moved me greatly. As it sang I almost could hear the choir in my own ward.

I am here today at the invitation of President and Sister Woodbury. As you know, there is order in the Church, and it is the order of the Church that general boards serve in an advisory and counselling capacity

to the missions, since the work of the auxiliaries in each mission is under the jurisdiction of the mission president. Therefore, general board representatives going into the missions do not call meetings, or bring the people together or participate in church meetings, except as authorised by the First Presidency and upon the invitation of the mission president. So I feel to thank President and Sister Woodbury for the invitation to be here this morning.

This seems to be an unusually eventful occasion inasmuch as a new district president has been appointed. I was very much interested in the first speaker this morning who spoke of the people who had considered emi-



—Artica Photo

SISTER SPAFFORD, MAYOR RUTH WINSTON AND DIGNITARIES AT A CIVIC FUNCTION IN SOUTHGATE

grating; and then he said, "Now they are not planning to emigrate." He asked, "Are there any of you who want to leave Great Britain?" No one seemed to indicate that he wanted to leave. I was not surprised at the response to the question because this is a wonderful land, a great land, a land of freedom, a land of progress. Last week-end as I flew into London it was a beautiful morning. The sun was shining and the air was clear. As I looked out of the window of the plane I could see the coast line of Ireland and of England, and it was a beautiful sight. There came into my mind the words of one of your great dramatists, William Shakespeare, who, you will recall, described this country as a precious stone set in a silver sea. Even my short visit here has made me realise that this is truly a jewel in a silver sea.

Three weeks ago today I was in New Zealand working with the sisters in the Relief Society there because

there is now a stake there. During my stay there, I was impressed with how much of England is in far-away New Zealand. That land is thousands of miles away from England, and yet it is characteristically English, as are so many other lands of the world. The influence of your country has spread far and wide—truly you should love your native land.

During the short time I have been in England I have met some very wonderful people. Some of them have been Latter-day Saints, but mostly I have been with non-Latter-day Saint people. I have felt the culture of the people, and have enjoyed their hospitality. They have been kind and understanding. These people who are not already members of the Church should have the opportunity of hearing the Gospel. This must be accomplished through the great proselyting programme of the Mission.

This is a very promising day for the Church in Great Britain. It is especi-

ally promising because there is now a temple here. The great privileges of the temple are now at your very door. This is a choice blessing.

The great blessings of this church come to us in direct proportion to our faithfulness and devotion to the Church.

Four or five years ago, when I was en route to Helsinki, I stopped in England. President A. Hamer Reiser was presiding over this mission at that time. He invited me to attend a small meeting of the sisters in Nightingale Lane. One or two of the sisters addressed the meeting and then I was given the opportunity of hearing their testimonies. They stood up, one by one, and as they spoke my heart was touched. They spoke of the problems they had faced in becoming members of the Church. They told what membership in the Church meant to them. Some of them spoke of their hope that members of their families would also join the Church. I think I have never listened to more sincere testimonies than I heard that evening. When I went to my room that night I couldn't go to sleep. Far into the night I thought of what the sisters had said, and of their great faith. I prayed that the Lord would be kind to the women who had such strong testimonies of truthfulness of the Gospel.

The following day President Reiser invited me to visit the temple site. We drove down the beautiful country road to Lingfield. We walked through the grounds at the temple site. The grass was tall; it was raining and it was cold—and we Americans like to be warm. I thought it was about the coldest, wettest weather I had ever experienced. It was about as dreary a day as one could experience. Brother Reiser told me some of the problems

they had had in acquiring the land; he told me of the problems ahead in getting permission to construct a building. He told me of other problems that lay ahead, and I thought to myself, "I wonder if there will ever be a temple in the British Isles." For a brief moment I doubted that there would.

As President Reiser and I left the temple site my mind went back to the testimony meeting and the thought came to me, "Of course, these people will have a temple, and perhaps it will come far sooner than anyone thinks. They will have it, if for no other reason, as a result of the faithfulness and the strength of the women." Now you have your temple. I hope that every one of you will make effort to take full advantage of its privileges and blessings.

Sister Woodbury has referred to some of the non-Church Women's organisations to which I belong and to my comment that they aren't as important to me as is the Relief Society. It is true that the Relief Society is of first importance to me. Other organisations are important to the extent that they do good. Membership in these organisations gives us opportunity to spread the truths which are ours, to learn that which is good in them, and to win friends. I recall when I was first made president of Relief Society, one of the first things I found on my desk was an invitation to attend a meeting of the National Council of Women of the United States in New York City. The Relief Society had been a member of this Council since 1888. With my limited vision, I thought we weren't gaining anything from our membership in the Council, and a good deal of effort and expense was entailed in attending meetings. So I decided

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NEW IN THE BOOKSTORE

Elder Kenneth G. Williams is the newly-appointed manager of the Bookstore, and he reports that there is a fine selection of new books available. It is now a policy of the Bookstore to fill orders immediately upon receipt of the correct amount of money. A free booklist is also available by writing to the Mission Bookstore at 50 Princes Gate, Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7. There are some new long playing records of the Tabernacle Choir singing with the Philharmonic Orchestra, as well as the favourite recordings of the Choir singing our Mormon Hymns. All Church publications from Salt Lake are sold on a yearly subscription basis, e.g. *The Instructor* (18s.) *the Improvement Era* (22s.), *The Children's Friend* (13s.), *the Church News* (15s.).

As well as the standard works and the normal range of books in stock the Bookstore has many new ones including:

Matthew Cowley . . . Speaks. The vitality, humility, faith, spirituality and sense of humour which endeared Elder Cowley to those who heard him speak is recaptured in this collection of his talks. 449 pp. 20s.

Matthew Cowley, Man of Faith, by Henry A. Smith. The human interest stories and the humorous incidents of this biography reveal the great depth of character of the late apostle. 302 pp. 20s.

The Candle of the Lord, by Adam S. Bennion. For those who have heard him speak, the words of this book will recall the ring of his voice, his colourful character, his warmth, kindness and common sense. 333 pp. 20s.

Genealogical Research in England and Wales, by David E. Gardner and Frank Smith. The first volume of a series intended to give the information required for a thorough understanding of the many useful sources of genealogical research. 284 pp. 19s. 6d.

Knowledge is Power, by Dr. Sidney B. Sperry. This book is a compilation of articles expressing Dr. Sperry's opinion on a variety of subjects ranging from Abraham's three visitors to the meaning of Peter's confession. 269 pp. 18s.

Home Memories of President David O. McKay, by Llewelyn R. McKay. President McKay's second son tells many intimate stories of their family, indicating the solidarity, the love and the good times they have enjoyed together for nearly 60 years. Wonderful for family night reading. 272 pp. 22s.

Some Suggestions for L.D.S. Missionaries, by Earl W. Harmer. The author has taken the subjects of salesmanship and psychology and combined them into an effective formula for success. Mental control, self-confidence, personality development and success are treated in a very readable and appealing way. The suggestions con-

tained in the book will be helpful to everyone desiring success, not only in missionary work, but in everyday life. 130 pp. 10s. 6d.

Leadership, by Sterling W. Sill. This is a great book! The articles which have recently appeared in the *Improvement Era* have been expanded and enlarged to cover 52 aspects of leadership. A wonderful source of information and inspiration, and the many ideas can readily be adapted for talks and for family night discussions. 387 pp. 20s.

Temples of the Most High, compiled by N. B. Lundwall. The significance of temple work is highlighted by excerpts from the discourses of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and other Church leaders. Each temple is pictured with information concerning its building and dedication. The new London Temple is also included. 399 pp. 19s. 6d.

Eternal Quest, by Hugh B. Brown. The saints of Great Britain have long loved Apostle Brown, who served as British Mission President. This book is a compilation of his addresses and writings which are uplifting and inspirational. 445 pp. 19s. 6d.

The Story of Our Church, Book of Mormon Stories and Bible Stories, For Young Latter-day Saints, three separate books by Emma Marr Peterson. Sister Peterson effectively re-tells the exciting events of the *Bible*, *The Book of Mormon* and pioneer times of the Church in such a way as to keep the interest of young people. 300 pp. 18s. each.

Revelation, by Lewis J. Harmer provides a full and convincing analysis of the part revelation has played throughout the history of the Church—as well as in previous dispensations when the Gospel was on the earth. 281 pp. 19s. 6d.

He That Liveth, by Doyle L. Green, managing editor of the *Improvement*

Era. The greatest story ever told is presented in a masterful way and includes Christ's ministry in the American hemisphere as well as His life and teachings in Jerusalem. Ten full-colour pictures are included. 220 pp. 19s. 6d.

Say the Good Word, by Oscar A. Kirkham. The late apostle has left us some heart-warming and uplifting experiences. A must for people who work with the youth, especially parents, this book is filled with the rich and stimulating words of a great leader of youth. 265 pp. 20s.

Science and Your Faith in God, a selected compilation of writings and talks by prominent Latter-day Saint scientists on the subject of science and religion. A new book which answers an old question in light of present-day scientific developments. 311 pp. 20s.

It's Your Life to Enjoy, by Wendell J. Ashton. From a wide range of interesting people, places, plants and animals the author draws parallels for more joy and success in living today. 207 pp. 15s.

Long Playing Records of the Tabernacle Choir :

Songs of Faith and Devotion (Philips, 7 inch). Classical and contemporary selections (no Mormon Hymns) are included. ABE 10035. 11s. 8d.

Christmas Carols (Philips, 7 inch). ABE 10047. 11s. 8d.

The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, (Philips, 12 inch). Chorals of Purcell, Liszt and Brahms. NBL 5012. 27s. 3d.

The Beloved Choruses (Columbia, 12 inch). The Tabernacle Choir, and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy present choruses of Bach plus works of Haydn, Schubert, Rimsky-Korsakov, Sibelius, and Handel. A free coloured photograph of the choir and the tabernacle organ is included. ML 5346. 35s. 7d.

Remember Who You Are

by Naomi Manwaring

AS HER YOUNG daughter was leaving for an evening out with friends, a solicitous mother cautioned earnestly, "You have stars in your eyes tonight, dear. Have a good time, but be sure that you remember who you are."

Remember who you are! Was that the snobbish admonition of a socially-conscious mother? Was it meant merely to make the girl mindful of proper standards of poise and manner that would mark her as a well-trained representative of "one of the best families?" At first this is what it seemed to a visitor listening. The guest felt such stirrings of resentment at what she thought was smug conceit that she rudely challenged the mother: "Aren't you going to make your daughter a self-conscious prig when you make her go with such a sense of responsibility for her own identity? Or is it possible that you intended a deeper significance than mere proper social deportment?"

The mother looked surprised; after a thoughtful moment she answered, "She and I understand one another. She knows that social deportment is the least part of my meaning. I don't want my daughter to be a self-conscious prig, of course. What I do want is to help her understand the dignity of humanity, of knowing and being responsible for maintaining her identity, tonight and always.

"Who is she? First, she is a member of our family, which means that she carries with her the protective and supporting knowledge that someone loves her and believes in her ability to make good decisions. Love and faith—not proper deportment—is the guide. It means that we will stand by her whatever happens, but when we let her go out alone, we know she will be happy only if she can return in pride. Second, she is a representative. Like every other human being, she represents someone else. What she is and does can bring honour to her family, perhaps her school, her community, her church, or her nation. Third, she is a human soul. She is precious. She has power in herself to achieve good, to love others, and to be in some measure responsible for others. Fourth, she is a child of God. Her identity and her responsibility for that identity are eternal.

"That is what I mean by the dignity of humanity. I want her to go with stars in her eyes, not only for a happy evening, but for a good life. I want always to be able to say with pride, 'Remember who you are.'"

The visitor was impressed and apologetic, but now there were bigger questions in her mind. The young girl had been given a high idealism. What if she were disappointed in her own accomplishment? What if she should become disillusioned if others failed

her, or if she was hurt by greed, corruption, dissipation, even the ultimate immorality of war? How could she keep the stars in her eyes when all around are the broken promises of life?

The mother answered, "Do you remember young Ernest Harrison?" They both did. Ernest had been a clean living young man, energetic enough to earn his way mowing lawns, delivering newspapers, and working as a clerk, and bright enough to go on a science scholarship to a large university. Then the war came, and he was killed in France. A frequent epitaphic comment had been, "All that education for nothing."

For nothing? Was it for nothing? The broken promise for Ernest had meant death—a death that came through the extreme insult to the human spirit, the mass fratricide of war.

"How," said the visitor, "can you tell your daughter to remember who she is when it so easily can happen that the whole world forgets?"

And the mother answered, "If now, or ever, there is to be purpose or meaning or dignity in human living, it must come by the individual being strong enough to remember who he is. You think about it. You add individuals without identity into a whole society. The sum is a faceless evil. This question of individual significance came up with a group of my daughter's friends. They were philosophising in broad generalities—the world doesn't appreciate or reward the good man; honesty is not the best policy if one is looking for profit; the odds against success are almost too great; death and taxes are sure, but then why does a man struggle? So I told them about Ernest and asked them to decide if his

efforts had been for nothing. At first they were inclined to answer yes. It was easy for them to identify themselves with Ernest; they seemed to feel a vicarious self pity when they said that he had been cheated and that his life was a pathetic waste. Then their fundamental idealism began to find expression. Afterward I tried to write down just what each had said. I will let you read their answers to your questions."

From a drawer she took a folded paper and her visitor read the answers of the young people:

Why are we feeling sorry for him? Feel sorry for the world that destroyed him, but he doesn't need pity. He was happy. He lived with hope.

Maybe the world didn't profit by his education, but a kid like Ernest who knew where he was going would never have to be brought into court for juvenile delinquency. His family had pride and joy in his life. His influence on others while he lived was for good. Isn't that about what we all want? And isn't that about all the world can expect?

Ernest knew he was fulfilling himself. If he had been wasting his time and not using his good mind he would have been miserable. He could be happy because he had a sense of accomplishment.

That is true. My little brother has to be prodded to work, but I notice that when he does a good job he puffs up with pride, and he unconsciously starts singing. When he knows he is lazy and feels ashamed, he gets a sullen look. I guess we are all like that.

I think the unhappiest of men is the frustrated individual who knows he has brains or talent and does nothing. Don't pity the man who dies young. Pity the man who lives to know self-contempt.

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the Gospel changed my Life

Testimonies of Latter-day Saints

by **GEORGE GORDON**
Aberdeen Branch

ALTHOUGH I was the secretary of Free Christian Church of Aberdeen, I admit that I had very little faith in either God or Jesus Christ—in fact, I cannot honestly say that I had any. For a number of years my mind was greatly disturbed because of this. I could find no opening of light, no testimony anywhere to show me that they did exist.

Personal problems only made it harder to believe. I fought hard with my thoughts during the daytime and at night, but all that faced me was a wall of doubt. And with no faith or trust in my heart it seemed that barrier could never be lifted. As far as I could see I had nothing to live for and didn't try to improve myself or do better. I just ran along in the same worn groove, getting deeper and deeper

On returning from work one evening I was told by my wife that two missionaries were to call that evening. Our discussion turned out to be both puzzling and enlightening—enlighten-

ing because some things were explained to me that I had never heard before.

After the elders had come a few times, I asked them, "Are you here to convert my wife and me?" They replied that "We cannot convert you or anyone else. Only you and your Father in heaven decide that"

From that day on the sincerity of those two men and their explanation of both the Bible and *The Book of Mormon* helped me to see a ray of light, which I had been fighting to see for many years. As time passed I knew that this at last was the truth revealed from the heavens.

I pray that I will never let that truth slip from my grasp, for it has made me happier both mentally and physically, and I am humbly proud to say I have no doubts about the existence of God, our Father and His Son, the Redeemer of the world; I *know* that they live.

by **HOWARD SMITH**
Wolverhampton Branch

THOUGH I had never seen a copy of *The Book of Mormon* before the Mormon missionaries knocked at my door, I had always expected that there were other scriptures to come forth. This was because I had read much of the people of South America, and of Indian tribes that had captured white men, kept them in a drugged condition and worshipped them as gods, for they believed that they had a white god at one time. I read of the sacrifices they made, which I thought a perverted form of Biblical teaching.

At first listening to the elders confirm my beliefs with the story of *The Book of Mormon* was merely an ad-

venture—but soon I became absorbed in the lessons and enthralled with all the things I was learning about the scriptures and about my Heavenly Father.

Each time the elders came into our home, my wife and I felt the wonderful spirit that came with them. I believed beyond doubt that what they said was true. I believed that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God and that *The Book of Mormon* was the word of God.

I began, though, to find difficulty in keeping two of God's commandments—the Word of Wisdom and the law of tithing. Despite the fact that I thought my belief strong, I didn't seem to have enough faith to pay a tenth of my income to the Lord. And I had a terrible time with smoking. I had tried to stop many times before with all the patent cures on the market, but I had failed miserably. The elders tried to help me and I felt ashamed at my weakness. I continued to pray for strength and desire to do the wishes of my Father. At last I found enough faith to pay my tithing. I felt exuberantly happy. And the funny thing was, I never, never missed what I paid—we were just as well off financially as before. How true the promise of Malachi has been for us, for the Lord has truly opened the windows of heaven and poured out His blessings upon us.

Smoking still troubled me, though. One night when the elders came to our home they again asked me if I would try to stop smoking. I decided to make one more attempt. That night I smoked my last cigarette, and I know that fasting and prayer were responsible for the strength that was given me to overcome that habit.

My wife and I have always been

extremely happy together. But now we know a joy we never before imagined. We know from where we have come to be on this earth. We know why the Lord wants us here. We know where we are going, and that we will be together there, if we obey our Heavenly Father. And we are very grateful to Him for all the blessings He has given us.

by **BETTY PAUL**
Coventry Branch

I FIRST met the Church in Richmond, California in May 1958. I was fortunate to have been chosen to go to the U.S.A. on the Teacher Exchange scheme, and I taught a class of second graders. One of my girls, a sweet child, told me during one recess that she was a Mormon. I was most interested. I was thrilled when her parents invited me to dinner one evening, because I knew that I should be able to find out more about their religious beliefs. We spent a wonderful evening discussing the Mormon Church, its beliefs and the struggles my friends—for by then we felt as if we had been friends for a long time—had to join the church.

I was so impressed by the way of life the Church taught and so interested that my friends invited me to attend the quarterly Stake Conference the following Sunday. There I witnessed the marvellous spirit which abounds when Latter-day Saints meet together and I heard some wonderful testimonies.

My friends asked the Richmond missionaries to call on me, and I received their message with interest, although we were not able to make arrangements for regular meetings as I was leaving to return to England shortly. I promised my friends that I would read the pam-

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REPENTANCE (*continued*)

the true Spirit of the Lord. While I have mentioned offences that are spoken of as serious and those which are less serious, I would have all understand that there is no departure from the ways pointed out by the Saviour which is not serious and which will not impair the full development of a child of God.

I have said these things about the great salutary doctrine of repentance as a constantly applicable, progressive principle of life. I would like now to devote a little attention to the encouragement we may give each other and all our friends in the adoption of this principle. We are enjoined by the revelations coming to us with the restored gospel to call all men to repentance. Indeed, missionary work is the first obligation laid upon the restored Church. We would like all of our friends to understand that when we issue this call to repentance, we include ourselves within it. It is hoped there will be no implication of a boastful attitude on our part.

I said in the beginning that I thought there must have been much entreaty and appeal in that initial call of the Saviour to his fellow men at the beginning of his ministry: "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He knew the weaknesses of those to whom he issued that call. He knew their pride and arrogance, their love of the things of the world. He knew that they would not receive him for what he was. He knew that infinite patience and kindness and mercy would be required to teach them the principles of love and brotherhood embraced in the holy gospel. He knew that they would have to change their ways and transform their lives and concepts before they could truly come

into His fold. So the first thing that he taught them was repentance, to let them understand that they could change their lives, that they could abandon their traditional practices, their intolerance, and their arrogance, and be inducted into the higher realm of love—love of God and of their fellow men. Those who became conscious of the power and the beauty of his teachings must have received the glorious principle of repentance with great joy. He encouraged them. Jesus taught his disciples by example and parable. He encouraged them to repentance.

Just as repentance is a divine principle, so is forgiveness. The Lord has said, "I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men." (*D. & C.* 64:10.) If we were more liberal in our forgiveness, we would be more encouraging to repentance. Someone has said that the supreme charity of the world is in obedience to the divine injunction, "Judge not." When the Saviour gave that injunction, he was well aware of the limitations of human understanding and sympathy. We can see overt acts, but we cannot see inner feelings nor can we read intentions. An all-wise Providence in making judgment sees and knows all the phases of human conduct. We know but few of the phases, and none very well. To be considerate and kind in judgment is a Christlike attribute.

So may we hold out the merciful, saving principle of repentance to ourselves and to all our Father's children. Let us issue the call as we have been commanded to do, but let it be so tempered in love and humility that all may receive it as a heartfelt invitation to share the glorious principles of the gospel which have come to the

earth through revelation in these latter days. Let no brother or sister in the whole family of God feel that he or she has gone beyond the point where error and sin may be left behind and true repentance enlighten the soul with hope and faith.

Many years ago, while visiting one of the missions of the Church, a man asked if he might drive me to my next appointment. I spoke to the mission president, and he said he thought it would be all right. During the course of the journey, this man painfully outlined for me the course of his life. He told me something of his home and of his youth, and then in deep sorrow, he confessed his transgressions. They were very serious, and his consciousness of guilt almost overwhelmed him, and then almost choked with emotion, he asked the question he had premeditated when he sought my company: "Brother Richards, is there any hope for me? Now that I have learned the gospel from the missionaries and have come to understand the kind of life the Lord expects His children to live, consciousness of my offences overwhelms me. May I ever be forgiven?" He so shook with sobs that I feared somewhat for his security in the driver's seat.

His deep moving contrition touched my heart. I breathed a silent prayer that I might console and help him. And then I set before him the things I have tried to stress to you in the British Mission. I gave him the examples of the merciful principle of repentance and forgiveness, and when I held out to him hope and encouragement, he was consoled, he regained his composure, and in a voice ringing with determination, he cried out. "With the Lord's help I will make myself worthy and regain that which I have lost." I

was sure the Lord would help him in his effort.

This man did not know, although he must have heard the whisperings of his conscience, how grievous were his transgressions until he heard the true gospel, but members of the Church who have been taught know, and their knowledge brings accountability and responsibility. To them repentance has special significance. They are leaders and teachers to the unenlightened. On their shoulders they carry the weight of the kingdom. Its progress is retarded not so much by lack of effort as by insufficiency of repentance—individual repentance—which is essential to make them profitable servants.

So, my brethren and sisters, in the love and respect which I bear you, I appeal, I entreat you, and I offer encouragement for repentance for all the misdeeds of either commission, or omission, which retard our progress toward the perfect life and destiny the Lord so graciously holds out to beckon us on.

And to my friends and our friends, not of the Church, may I humbly and sincerely hold out this glorious doctrine as the true way to happiness and peace. I call upon all in tones of entreaty and concern to stop damning God, to refrain from intemperate judgment, and to be honest and virtuous. If you want peace and happiness, if you have made mistakes, you can repent if you will. The Lord will help you, and he will reward you a thousand times over for your effort. What the world needs is a repentant world, and you may be assured there is no enduring happiness in anything but goodness, which in turn is a result of being able to repent, to forgive and to be forgiven.



SISTER SPAFFORD IN THE CENTRE OF THE LEEDS DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS WITH SISTERS WOODBURY AND BOYER AT HER SIDE

WOMEN (continued)

to recommend to President George Albert Smith, who was presiding over the Church at that time that we withdraw our membership in the Council. You know, when you go before the President of the Church you try to be very well prepared on the business that you wish to take up because the Prophet is a very busy man, and his time is carefully allocated. So I typed on a sheet of paper a number of reasons why I felt Relief Society should withdraw from the National Council of Women, and arranged for an interview with the President. When the time of the interview arrived, I placed my paper on the President's desk and I said, "President Smith, I wish to recommend that the Relief Society withdraw as a member of the National Council of Women for the reasons listed on the paper."

President Smith looked over the reasons as listed, and then he looked up at me and said, "So you want to withdraw from an organisation in which Relief Society was a charter member and has held membership continuously since 1888." I answered,

"President Smith, we just don't get anything from the Council." Then he leaned back in his chair in his characteristic manner and said, "Sister Spafford, you surprise me just a little. Do you always think in terms of what you get? Don't you ever think in terms of what you have to give?" Then he pointed out that Mormon women have something to give to the women of the United States and to women of the world, and that we also have something to learn from them. He continued, "I would suggest that you retain your membership in the Council, that you attend the forthcoming meeting and that you make your influence felt as a Latter-day Saint woman." This has also been the attitude of President David O. McKay. It is my earnest desire that in mingling with women of other organisations, in the contacts I am making here in this country, that I will be a worthy representative of Relief Society.

As Latter-day Saints we must always remember that the building of the kingdom is our great work. Women have two great and important jobs. First, to be good wives, mothers,

and homemakers. Second, to do a woman's part through properly organised channels of the Church in building the kingdom of God. As we do this we are filling the measure of our creation. Relief Society is the medium given by one Heavenly Father to his daughters here upon the earth through which they may make the most effective contribution to the building of the kingdom of God. Relief Society is our great ally in being good wives, mothers and homemakers.

Relief Society is not a small organisation. As you meet in your Relief Society meetings you may think it is small. Your vision may be just as big as the number of women you are sitting with, but you must remember you are only one of many similar groups which together make up a great, powerful, righteous and influential

women's organisation. I am sure when our annual figures are tabulated—and I await them each day—that we will be at least 190,000 strong in membership. There is no righteous task which 190,000 righteous woman could not accomplish. Relief Society is a big-souled organisation. As individuals we should be big-souled, as is our organisation. As individuals we should be filled with love, with charity, and with good works. Pettiness, fault finding, jealousy, lack of support of this one or that one because we don't especially care for her, have no place in this divinely directed, divinely inspired and God-given organisation for women.

May the Lord bless us to appreciate what we have, to share what we have, to fill our great mission here as women, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

WILFORD WOODRUFF *(continued)*

full in the chest and crushed him against a standing oak tree. Many of his internal parts were critically bruised and the bones protecting them splintered. Agonised, he rode two and a half miles back to Winter Quarters where the Quorum of the Twelve administered to him. Until his breast-bone mended he could not move at all, but in a month he had returned to his strenuous labours.

What is a man like who in his youth rejoices in a spirituality that few men know in a lifetime, and at the same time endures such pain as would make some cynical or withdrawn? Wilford Woodruff wrote in later years:

"I have not now a lame limb about me, notwithstanding it all. I have been able to endure the hardest kinds of manual labour, exposures, hardships and jour-

neys . . . The repeated deliverance from all these remarkable dangers I ascribe to the mercies of my Heavenly Father. In recalling them to mind I always feel impressed to render the gratitude of my heart, with thanksgiving and joy, to the Lord. I pray that the remainder of my days may pass in His service, in the building of His kingdom . . .

"I was 23 years of age; and in reflecting upon the past I became sincerely convinced that there was no real peace of mind or true happiness except in the service of God and in doing those things which would meet His approval. I made a firm resolution that from then I would seek the Lord to know His will and to keep His commandments . . . Upon this ground I was determined to stand and to spend my future life in the maintenance of these convictions."

When Wilford Woodruff wasn't working he was studying the Bible and history—he had determined to waste

none of his time. And his mind searched for ways to more perfectly do the will of the Lord. "In my zeal to promote good," he wrote, "I got up prayer meetings in our village and prayed for light and knowledge. It was my desire to receive the ordinances of the Gospel . . ." Once, when he had long prayed to know if God's people were upon the earth, the Spirit of the Lord said distinctly to him: "Go to my Word and I will there show thee my will and answer thy prayer." He opened the Bible to Isaiah 56 and read that the Lord's "salvation is near to come" and His "righteousness to be revealed."

With his brother Azmon, Wilford Woodruff moved to Richland, New York, in 1832. Two days before the following year finished, missionaries called on his brother's wife and said they would be preaching in the schoolhouse. When Wilford got home and heard this, he hitched up his horses and drove off without dinner. On the way he prayed fervently that the Lord might manifest to him if these were His servants.

He found his brother already there and the schoolhouse packed. The first missionary, Zera Pulsipher, opened with prayer. Right then Wilford Woodruff received a witness that these two men were the messengers of God he had so long sought. Elder Pulsipher and his companion Elder Elijah Cheney preached to the group and after the meeting, Wilford found himself on his feet, the Spirit of God compelling within him. He testified that all the elders spoke was true and exhorted his neighbours not to oppose them. His brother and others followed him.

On December 31, the day after the missionaries arrived, Wilford Wood-

ruff, his brother and two young ladies were baptised. Of his baptism he wrote: "The snow was about three feet deep, the day was cold, the water was mixed with ice and snow, yet I did not feel the cold." The first phase of Wilford Woodruff's life had ended and a new, greater one begun.

Wilford Woodruff's life as a traveling missionary was as an ascending star that rose in power during his first three missions and dramatically illuminated God's kingdom in Great Britain. But the beauty of its rising often was obscured by ominous clouds.

His calling to the apostleship entailed immediate hazards. Joseph Smith had published the word of the Lord that the Council would meet on April 26, 1839, at the Temple site in Far West, Missouri, before departing on their mission. But Governor Boggs had announced that the Mormons must leave his state or suffer extermination, and mobs had already captured some of the brethren and driven the women and children from their homes. Missourians were determined that this revelation would not be fulfilled. After capturing Far West, and knowing where the Council was to meet, the mob waited to destroy the apostles.

"It seemed as though the Lord having a foreknowledge of what would take place, had given the revelation in this manner to see whether or not the apostles would obey it at the risk of their lives."

Elder Woodruff wrote in his journal. Some said it was enough that they wanted to go—the Lord would accept the desire for the deed. But nothing could dissuade the apostles from obeying. Early on the appointed morning they congregated at the Temple site,

laid the south-east corner-stone, sung a hymn, ordained Wilford Woodruff and George A. Smith to the apostleship. They accomplished their mission without opposition: somehow the mob was hindered and arrived too late.

Elder Woodruff vividly recounted what followed in later writings.

"Inasmuch as the devil had been thwarted in a measure by the Twelve going to Far West and returning without harm, it seemed as though the destroyer was determined to make some other attempt upon us to hinder us from performing our missions; for as soon as any one of the apostles began to prepare for starting he was snitten . . . with sickness of some kind . . . On the 25th of July I was attacked with chills and fever for the first time in my life; this I had every other day, and whenever attacked I was laid prostrate. My wife, Phoebe, was also taken down with chills and fever, as were quite a number of the Twelve . . .

"Early upon the morning of the 8th of August I arose from my bed of sickness, laid my hands upon the head of my sick wife . . . and blessed her. I then departed from the embrace of my companion and left her almost without food or the necessities of life . . . I quote from my journal: 'Phoebe, farewell! Be of good cheer; remember me in your prayers . . . I shall see your face again in the flesh. I go to obey the commands of Jesus Christ.'

"Although feeble, I walked to the banks of the Mississippi River. There President Young took me in a canoe and paddled me across . . . Brother Joseph, the Prophet of God, came along and looked at me. 'Well, Brother Woodruff,' said he, 'you have started upon your mission.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but I feel and look more like a subject for the dissecting room than a missionary.' Joseph replied: 'What did you say that for? Get up, and go along; all will be well for you.'"

A severe journey to New York was followed by a reunion with John

Taylor, one of those whom he had met at Far West; with him and Elder Theodore Turley, Elder Woodruff departed for Great Britain.

The glory of Wilford Woodruff's labours here was prefaced in the Potteries, in Staffordshire. He stayed in the Potteries six weeks, was given many halls to preach in, had speaking appointments booked far in advance and raised up a prosperous branch. Then something happened that revealed, as much as any single missionary moment of this dispensation, the mighty guidance of God. Elder Woodruff recorded it:

"March 1, 1840, was my birthday; I was 33 years of age. It being Sunday, I preached twice during the day to a large assembly in the city hall in the town of Hanley, and administered the Sacrament to the Saints. In the evening I again met with a large assembly . . . and while singing the first hymn the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me and the voice of God said to me: 'This is the last meeting that you will hold with this people for many days.' I was astonished at this, as I had many appointments booked out in that district. When I arose to speak to the people I told them that it was the last meeting I should hold with them for many days. They were as much astonished as I was . . .

"In the morning I went in secret before the Lord and asked Him what was His will concerning me. The answer I received was that I should go to the south, for the Lord had a great work for me to perform there, as many souls were waiting for His word."

Even had Elder Woodruff known where he was to go then, it would have been exceedingly difficult for him to find the spot. He started out by taking a coach to Wolverhampton, 26 miles away, and spent the night there. The next morning he caught another coach and rode to Worcester. Then



THE BENBOW HILL FARM

he began to walk. The natural direction he might have taken led more directly south, towards Tewkesbury; the road he took—if indeed there was a road—went straight over the Malvern Hills. As he passed over them Elder Woodruff probably saw the Herefordshire countryside—and the homes of many people whose lives he was destined to alter—laid before him. Reasoning can't deduce how he found the place called Hill Farm; though large, it is far from a main road. Yet something moved Wilford Woodruff to call there—and he could not have gone anywhere in the world more amazingly prepared for the message he bore.

A building that stands on Hill Farm happened to be one of the meeting places for 600 men and women who had left the Wesleyan Methodist church and formed a group dedicated to finding the truth. Among them were 45 licensed preachers. In their searching they felt that they "had gone as far as they could, and were calling upon the Lord continually to open the way before them and send them light and knowledge, so they might know the true way to be saved." It didn't require much thinking for Elder Woodruff to understand why the Lord had directed him so unmistakably to that place.

Hill Farm belonged to John and Jane Benbow; they drew a prosperous

living from its 300 acres. "I presented myself to them," wrote Elder Woodruff, "as . . . an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who had been sent to him by the commandment of God as a messenger of salvation, to preach the gospel of life to him and his household and the inhabitants of the land." The Benbows were elated that he had come, welcomed him in and fed him, then stayed up and listened to him till two o'clock in the morning and rejoiced at what they heard. Wilford knelt before going to sleep and poured out thanksgiving to God for the great thing that was transpiring.

Not even Wilford Woodruff sensed how great the event was. The next day he sent out word that he would preach on the John Benbow property, and many of the Benbow's neighbours came to hear Elder Woodruff's first Herefordshire sermon.

After delivering his second sermon the following evening, he baptised six people, including John and Jane Benbow and four United Brethren preachers. He devoted the next day to cleaning out the pool of water on the Benbow property "and preparing it for baptising . . . I saw," he wrote, "that many would receive that ordinance."

In the days that followed Elder Woodruff spoke at some of the many meeting houses the United Brethren



VIEW OF THE MALVERN HILLS

had at their disposal. The marvellousness of his success makes the opposition that reared up seem humorous. The local rector's church was attended the first Sunday by 15 people, while Elder Woodruff was preaching to 1,000 of his parishioners both day and evening. The rector was furious and persuaded the constable to arrest Elder Woodruff. Just as he arose to speak at Brother Benbow's place, the constable walked in with a warrant. "For what crime?" asked Elder Woodruff. "For preaching to the people." "I told him," recalled Elder Woodruff, "that I, as well as the rector, had a license for preaching the gospel to the people and that if he would take a chair I would wait upon him after the meeting. He took my chair and sat beside me. For an hour and a quarter I preached the first principles . . . The power of God rested upon me, the spirit filled the house and the people were convinced. At the close of the meeting I opened the door for baptism and seven offered themselves. Among the number were four preachers and the constable. The latter arose and said, 'Mr. Woodruff, I would like to be baptised.' I told him I would like to baptise him. I went down into the pool and baptised the seven . . . I confirmed 13, administered the Sacrament and we all rejoiced together.

"The constable went to the rector and told him that if he wanted the man Mr. Woodruff taken for preaching the gospel he must himself go and serve the writ . . . The rector didn't know what to make of

it, so he sent two clerks of the Church of England as spies to attend our meeting and find out what we did preach . . . They both were pricked in their hearts, received the word of the Lord gladly and were baptised and confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

By August, Wilford Woodruff had baptised 599 of the 600 United Brethren and 1,200 more people besides—a total of 1,800 converts in eight months, including 200 preachers of various denominations! "The power of God rested upon us . . ." wrote Elder Woodruff. Three complete districts had raised up in the Gloucestershire - Herefordshire - Worcestershire area!

During this part of Elder Woodruff's mission Brother Benbow gave £300—a fortune in those days—for the printing of the first British edition of *The Book of Mormon*. Thomas Kington, the former superintendent of the United Brethren, gave £100. With Elders Brigham Young and Willard Richards, who had stopped briefly to see him, Elder Woodruff met on Herefordshire Beacon, in the Malvern Hills, to determine how to proceed with the printing.

Herefordshire Beacon is an ancient earth fortress made, on the highest of the gentle Malvern Hills, almost 1,800 years ago. Terraces that circle the mountain are carved in its side; Bri-

tons marshalled on these to beat off their Roman attackers. Today it is perfectly preserved, as it was when the three apostles ascended it 119 years ago. The citadel of this crude military camp is a shallow scoop taken off the peak. From it one sees the Worcestershire, Gloucestershire and Herefordshire countryside arranged for miles in soft green patterns.

What Elder Woodruff wrote about it when he climbed up on it tells as much about him as about Malvern Hill.

"I had a great survey of nature and of the power of the Creator; this was while standing on the summit of Malvern Hill . . . beholding the grand and charming prospect before me, the thunder began to roll and the lightning flashed in the vale below, on which the rain descended in torrents. The solemnity and grandeur of the scene was impressive as I stood upon the hill above the clouds, surveying the beautiful works of the Creator, and His majesty in the storm."

The apostles prayed there and decided that Brigham Young should go to Manchester to begin the printing of 5,000 copies of *The Book of Mormon* and 3,000 copies of the *Hymn Book*.

A short season in London, where Elder Woodruff laboured with Heber C. Kimball and George A. Smith, ensued. But it wasn't until after a brief return to Herefordshire to conduct some conferences that Elder Woodruff's London labours began to bear much fruit.

Proselyting in a huge city posed problems Elder Woodruff hadn't encountered before. The brethren had to pay for halls in which to preach and for lodgings in which to sleep. Opposition was vicious from the very beginning. But that there was a work to be done in London he never doubted.

Elder Woodruff, Elder Smith and Elder Kimball began to hold public meetings. People received them, but the Elders found it hard to awaken in them any awareness of the significance of their message. The first Sunday sermon converted four and the second three. Then the sort of effectual doors that always seemed to open to Elder Woodruff began presenting themselves right and left.

Hereafter Elder Woodruff's work in London was blessed with steady success. The year 1840 was drawing to a close. He received a letter from Brigham Young telling him that the Twelve were to prepare to return to the United States. The rest of his mission here he spent in spiritual reunions with the people he had baptised, and in conferences with the many branches he had established. He rejoiced because "there never was a time when the people were so much stirred up and so eager to hear the Latter-day Saints as at present . . ." The fields he had planted and reaped were still yielding a rich harvest.

After Wilford Woodruff's return to America in April, 1841, he became "a conspicuous actor in the new kingdom." He was called to be president of the British Mission. He helped lead the great modern pioneer exodus. He became the fourth Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In the premortal courts of God, Elder Woodruff had been set apart to do a great work; even while in Britain he was vouchsafed knowledge about the destiny of the Church. On October 2, 1840, he wrote in his journal,

"Elder Kimball and I arose from our beds that morning with the power of God resting upon us, yea, His spirit was like fire shut up in our bones. I said,

'O my God, why is thy spirit thus upon me? Why are mine eyes like a fountain? What art thou about to do, O Lord, that causes this thing? I ask thee, Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son, to make it known unto me.' The spirit of revelation came upon me and I was answered: 'Thus saith the Lord God unto thee, my servant Wilford . . . Mine indignation is about to be poured out without mixture upon all the nations of the earth, and they shall not escape. The cry of the poor, of the widow and the orphan ascendeth to mine ears, saith the Lord, and I am about to avenge the cry

of mine elect by laying low the oppressor and executing the decree of mine heart upon all the ungodly amongst men. Here I put my spirit upon thee and say unto thee, lift up thy voice and spare not, and call upon all men that come within the sound of thy voice to repent, and many souls shall be given unto thee, and great shall be thy reward, and eternal shall be thy glory, saith the Lord.'

Wilford Woodruff lifted up his voice and spared not and he became one of the greatest men ever to walk on the face of the earth.

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE (contd.)

If every man of brains had stopped to reason that he might die young or that he would not be appreciated or that society was not worth the effort, the human race would be living in caves.

Sure, some will die, but some will live. We must live with the warm dream of a good life, not with the cold fear of death.

I know it is trite to say that it is not how long you live but how well you live that counts. A cynic or a coward would say that is like trying to see into the deep well of life's unreason with a single little flashlight. But as long as Ernest could see a little way directly ahead, he knew where he was going.

All of these answers are valid for Ernest and for all of us. But they are all little pieces of the one answer. The human soul is immortal.

The human soul *is* immortal. When we know this, then we know that no effort for good is wasted. What knowledge Ernest gained he still has to take with him. The man that Ernest became is the man that lives in immortality. Maybe we do have only a small flashlight in our hands to guide our feet, but we can have stars in our eyes re-

flecting infinity. Through faith we can know that life is eternal progress.

Remember who you are! That is not a superficial parental caution for an evening's good conduct. It is a standard of judgment eternal in significance. A wise mother knew for her daughter, as surely God knows for all of us, that when a child is allowed to go alone into life's experience, that child can return happy only when the return can be made with pride.

We all know, as the young people knew, that remembering means that a good life can never be a pathetic waste. It is lived with hope. Its influence is wholesome and positive. It knows self respect and self fulfilment. It looks not to death but to life.

Remember who you are! You are one who goes in love and faith. You live as a representative of those you hold dear. You are a precious human soul. You are a child of God. Such remembering can give faith in the meaning of life, faith in the continuity of life, and faith in the immortality of the soul. To those who well remember will come not only the dignity of great humanity, but the ultimate glory of eternal life.

TESTIMONIES *(continued)*

phlets they had given me and that I would seek further information on my return home.

When I arrived back in Coventry early in September, 1958, I tried to ignore this promise as I realised an interest in another religious faith other than the Church of England would offend my parents. However, I could not turn away from my promise; all through my journeyings home I had been kept aware of the Church, my mind was for ever dwelling on the things I had heard and read.

I wrote to the British Mission for information, which I received. A week later I received a letter from the Coventry missionaries requesting a meeting with us, which I arranged with some trepidation. These missionaries came into my home and brought something wonderful with them, something which I came to realise was the power of the Holy Ghost. We established weekly meetings and these became the highlights of my week. I longed for Thursday evening to come so that I could hear more about the Church—I felt that I couldn't hear the news fast enough. The missionaries awakened in me a desire to pray, which I had not had since my childhood: and, I found that my prayers were being answered.

At Christmas time I received a setback, my father died and it seemed as if my faith had died also. My meetings with the elders were interrupted and I became aware of the absence of the Holy Ghost. The elders came to visit me two days after my father's death and told me about the salvation for the dead, which was a great comfort to me. When our meetings resumed early this year I was much more critical and raised many barriers, or what I thought

were barriers, against the elders. They knocked those barriers over so firmly that my faith could not help but be renewed . . . I believed in spite of myself.

One elder returned home in January and during our last meeting he asked me to plan to be baptised in four weeks' time. That seemed a reprieve for me and I grasped it, I was so afraid to take the step of baptism although I knew without a shadow of a doubt that the Church was true.

The Sunday following that meeting I attended Sacrament meeting and was told by one of the lady missionaries that there was to be a baptism the following Sunday, "So, why don't you plan on being baptised then?" That night will always remain in my memory as one of the hardest I have ever spent. I told my mother and she received the news in a very negative attitude. I prayed for help and guidance from our Father in heaven, and then went to bed still full of fears and doubts. I slept fitfully and each time I awoke, the fears were still with me. Then I had a dream of my father who asked me why I stood shivering on the brink. I was able to make my mind up easily after that, and I was baptised the next Sunday. My baptism service was most wonderful and spiritual.

I have been baptised ten weeks now and these weeks have been filled with rich experiences of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost to me. I know that this is the true Church of Jesus Christ and that Joseph Smith was chosen of God to restore the Church in these the latter-days. I am most thankful to our Father in Heaven for having chosen me to partake of His Gospel, and I humbly pray that I may always be worthy of it.

NEW ERA CALENDAR

OF BRANCH AND DISTRICT EVENTS³

Feb. 8—A junior Sunday School was organised in the Hull Branch. The children were naturally excited and now look forward to participating in their own service with child-like exuberance.

Feb. 28—The Hull Relief Society sisters held their annual bazaar. Because of a spirited competition, the stalls were particularly attractive this year. "Spring Cleaning" was the theme of the winning entry, designed by Sisters Vera Thistleton and Frieda Homes.

Feb. 28—Sister Susie Massey organised the Genealogy Social at Mansfield.

Mar. 1—Sheffield Branch is certainly proud of Sylvia Machell and Margaret Fowler who received their First Year Individual Beehive Awards and Carole Bustin, Jean Cottage and Carol Addis who received both First and Second Year Individual Beehive Awards.

Mar. 7—Loughborough MIA produced their first play, "The Community Centre," by Brother Derek Cuthbert. During the interval the Relief Society sold refreshments and raised £2 18s. for MIA funds.

Mar. 7—Sheffield sisters hosted at the Sheffield District Relief Society Anniversary Dinner. Eighty people attended and following the meal a stage show was presented.

Mar. 8—The Londonderry saints bade farewell to Elder Goble, one of the

missionaries who founded their branch.

Mar. 12—Sister Maxwell organised the Relief Society Birthday Party at Aberdeen. The sisters prepared a dinner for forty people, who remained for a dance which concluded the evening.

Mar. 14—Rawtenstall's Building Fund benefited by £5 from the Relief Society sponsored chicken dinner.

Mar. 14—The Bangor "Mormon Players" presented their one-act play entitled, "The Monument" at the Belfast Sunday School concert.

Mar. 16—Careful planning contributed to the success of Gorleston's Relief Society Birthday Party. The tables which Sisters Cole and Brumble decorated so beautifully enhanced the attractively served meal.

Mar. 26—The Edinburgh Relief Society sisters celebrated their anniversary with a lively party.

Mar. 28—Luton's jumble sale realised £6 which is to be divided between the Sunday School and Primary.

Mar. 28—When Sister Gwladys Fulwood opened Blackburn's Relief Society Bazaar, she said that the day had been one of the happiest in her life—she had just attended her son's wedding and that, combined with the bazaar made her day complete.

Mar. 28—Nottingham's Sunday School funds increased by £4 at a Box Supper.

Mar. 28—Sister Pat Salmon received a hymn-book from the MIA at a Social given at Mansfield in appreciation of her work as branch MIA president.

Mar. 29—The spirit of the New Era was felt by the Londonderry members at the opening of their lovely new hall. All commented on the fine decorating job done by the brethren of the branch.

Mar. 29—Thirty children stepped up to receive prizes at Luton's Sunday School party.

Mar. 31—Although Wigan's Relief Society Birthday party was late, the sisters made up for the delay by presenting a fine programme in which the older members were able to revive many pleasant memories.

Apr. 4—St. Albans' Primary children had a wonderful treat when the presidency gave them a first-class party.

Apr. 4—Liverpool's Drama Group visited Burnley Branch to present their pantomime, "Babes in the Wood." Burnley members were happy to have the group visit them and the Liverpool members appreciated the opportunity given them of increasing their building fund.

Mar. 17—Sister Marjorie Jenner, Grimsby's Relief Society President, took the opportunity of telling the story of the organisation of Relief Society to the forty guests at the Branch's Relief Society party. President Wilfred Eley in his speech on behalf of the guests, spoke of the value of Relief Society membership and the blessings, both spiritual and educational, which come from association with the organisation. The presence of three former presidents, Sisters Walker, Turner and Tartellin added to the pleasure of the celebration.

Mar. 17—Over twenty sisters of the Belfast Branch can testify to the suc-

cess of their Relief Society Birthday Party.

Mar. 18—Eleven members of Mansfield Relief Society celebrated the one-hundred-and-seventeenth anniversary of their Society with a party directed by Edith Brown.

Mar. 21—The Relief Society Birthday Party at St. Albans was especially notable this year as it was the first social event to be held in the new chapel.

Mar. 21—Preston Relief Society sisters did their anniversary celebrating with a supper followed by the presentation of a play, "The Garden."

Mar. 21—The young folks at Scunthorpe were given the opportunities of showing their talents by organising a social in aid of the building fund. The "old 'uns" were able to sit back and be waited on by the young people before watching an amusing programme in TV style compered by William R. Collier.

Mar. 21—Nottingham District Gold Green Ball was held at the Portland Junior School, Nottingham. The theme this year was "Chinese," and some effective decorations were made by the branches. Barrie Stevens was M.C.

Mar. 21—Bangor held its first MIA Easter dance. The dancing was so good, that some later complained of aching feet.

Mar. 21—Janet Lloyd and Stephanie Hill were assisted by the Branch members in their Primary jumble sale at Grimsby. Over £1 12s. was raised for Primary funds.

Apr. 4—Congratulations to John A. Porter of Scarborough on winning both an R.A.F. Scholarship and an Air Training Corps Flying Scholarship. John has also been given the opportunity of spending three months in Canada under the A.T.C. Reciprocal

Visits scheme; he plans to enter the R.A.F. College, Cranwell in 1960.

Apr. 4—Dramatic talent in Liverpool is by no means restricted to adults as was shown when the Primary presented the delightful play, "Titania Has a Mother" to an audience of over 100.

Apr. 4—Rawtenstall Branch is progressing with an abundance of the New Era spirit. The saints have been given £1 each, and are using their talents to increase this amount as much as possible for their building fund. Every way of raising the money is being eagerly sought from jam-making to shoe-repairing.

Apr. 11—Brother and Sister Roy Sturt welcomed many friends from the Norwich, North and South London Districts at their farewell party at Southend. Although many farewell messages were recorded Brother Sturt reminded his guests that the family would be returning from Nigeria in fifteen months, and that no one need regard the separation as permanent.

Engagements

Brandord - May: Terence Brandord and Valerie May of Mansfield announced their engagement on March 14.

Marriages

Fullwood - Bourne: The Liverpool Chapel, beautifully decorated with irises and daffodils for the occasion, was the scene of the wedding of Rodney A. Fullwood and Brenda Bourne which President R. Larsen conducted on March 28. Marlene Butler and Jean Bourne wearing dresses of pink and white lace attended the bride who wore white lace. The best man was Lionel Fullwood. Brother and Sister Fullwood were sealed for time and eternity in the London Temple on April 5.

Topp - Smyth: Wilma Roberta

Smyth was married to Allen John Topp in Londonderry on March 18. A honeymoon to London followed, and they were sealed in the London Temple on March 21.

Deaths

Guest: Hull Branch suffered a great loss with the death of Sister Olive Guest recently. Sister Guest had been Relief Society District Supervisor for some years and was serving as a Sunday School teacher until the time of her illness.

Jones: The death of Brother Hugh Q. Jones occurred suddenly at District Conference at Southport on March 22 after singing a solo "Unanswered Yet." A memorial service was held at Southport after which the burial took place at Leigh, Lancs. Brother Jones was a much loved member of Liverpool Branch and had for many years conducted Sunday School song practice.

ORDINATIONS

Birmingham

Walter Allen of Northampton to Elder
Michael John Wade of Northampton to Elder
Leslie Arthur Rowland of Northampton to Elder

Hull

Peter Dennis Whiteherley of York to Elder
Kenneth Church of York to Deacon
Kenneth Jones, Jr., of Scunthorpe to Deacon

Ireland

William John Wellington Devenney of Belfast to Deacon
George Frederick Brown of Belfast to Deacon
Robert McKaig of Belfast to Deacon
Robert Keenan of Belfast to Deacon
Thomas Moore of Belfast to Deacon
Ivan Wallace of Belfast to Deacon

Leeds

Leslie Thompson of Bradford to Deacon
Gerald Baker of Bradford to Deacon
Stanley Allott of Leeds to Elder
Norman Pacey Newell of Leeds to Elder
Allan Peter Moxon of Leeds to Elder
Bernard Oaks Mann of Leeds to Deacon
Alan Joy of Bradford to Deacon
Roger Rhodes Burton of Leeds to Elder
Graham Victor Pelton of Huddersfield to Deacon
Donald Pelton of Huddersfield to Elder
John Victor Collier of Huddersfield to Deacon
John Anthony Buck of Leeds to Teacher
Stephen John Wiggleworth of Leeds to Teacher
Leslie Ryan of Bradford to Elder
Roy Christian Darren of Bradford to Elder

Liverpool

Evarard Armstrong of Wigan to Deacon
Terence Michael Whittaker of Burnley to Elder
George Aspnall of Southport to Elder
Arthur Elliot Bromley of Liverpool to Elder
Fredrick William Peacock of Liverpool to Elder

BAPTISMS

Alfred John Hathaway of Burnley to Elder
Charles Brown of Burnley to Elder
Brian Slater of Burnley to Deacon

Manchester
George Jackson Beever of Oldham to Priest
Jack Turner of Oldham to Deacon
Robert Henry Kennett of Wythenshawe to
Teacher
Peter Furniss Lee of Wythenshawe to Teacher
Furniss William Lee of Wythenshawe to Teacher

Newcastle
Norman Valentine Winter Grilloths of
Sunderland to Deacon
Thomas Seaton Bamford of Sunderland to
Deacon
Leslie Gordon McDermott of Sunderland to
Priest
Dennis Harvey of Darlington to Deacon
George Parkin Denham of Darlington to Teacher
William Horncastle of South Shields to Teacher
Angus Morrison Morris of South Shields to
Teacher
William Austin Lupton of Sunderland to Deacon
Arthur Felix Conlin of Middlesbrough to Deacon

North London
Ian Wilson of North London to Deacon
Roy Ernest Geary of North London to Deacon
David Venters Wyatt of Southend to Priest

Norwich
Ronald William Cardy of Chelmsford to Elder
Ronald Arnold Baldwin of Chelmsford to Elder
Ronald Sadd of Norwich to Deacon
Sidney William Bantock of Norwich to Deacon
David Jones Morse of Gorleston to Deacon
Ivan John Moss of Gorleston to Deacon

Nottingham
Thomas Haig Brown of Peterborough to Priest
Michael John Hartley of Nottingham to Elder
Derck Spriggs of Eastwood to Elder
Thomas Keith Plumh of Eastwood to Elder
Sydney Richard Peach of Eastwood to Elder
Clive Banfield Payne of Nottingham to Elder
John Harry Wilson of Mansfield to Elder
Leslie Walter Green of Leicester to Deacon
Piers Leslie Green of Leicester to Deacon

Scotland
David Burns of Edinburgh to Deacon
Arthur Edward Smith of Airdrie to Priest
James Green of Airdrie to Priest
David Johnstone of Airdrie to Deacon
David Johnstone of Airdrie to Teacher
Henry Wilson of Paisley to Deacon
David Gordon Clark Burns of Edinburgh to
Deacon

Sheffield
Thomas William Elliott of Chesterfield to Teacher

South London
James Sidney Hart of Newchapel to Deacon
Leonard Edward Mann of Newchapel to Deacon
Frederick Thomas George Talbot of
Southampton to Priest
Paul Ernest Chandler of Southampton to Deacon

BIRTHS AND BLESSINGS

Kirk: To Albert and Lucy Kirk of Bradford, a daughter, Angela, born November 21, 1958; blessed March 1, 1959, by Newsome Kirk.

Leeming: To Jack Norris and Mollie Leeming of Radcliffe, a son, Ian Melvor, born March 17, 1950; blessed January 4, 1959, by S. B. Coltrin.

Forward: To Clifford Ivin and Margaret Forward of Pontypool, a son, Ivin Dale, born December 23, 1958; blessed January 18, 1959, by William Henry Forward.

Smith: To Arthur and Jean Smith of Airdrie, a daughter, Jean, born September 27, 1957; blessed March 26, 1959, by Thomas Love Easton.

Guscott: To Cecil John and Barbara Irene Guscott of Peterborough, a son, David Preston, born December 1, 1958; blessed January 4, 1959, by Cecil John Guscott.

Birmingham
Malcolm Frank Martin of Wolverhampton
Paul John Davies of Coventry

Bristol
Winifred Alfreda Ellen Streets of Newton Abbot
Robert George Burley of Newton Abbot

Hull
Doreen Bertha Strickland of Hull
George Robert Strickland of Hull
Edna May Cook of Grimsby
Alfred Albert Cook of Grimsby
Ian Deighton of York
Pauline Deighton of York
Elizabeth Ann Brunton-Douglas of Scarborough
James Albert Brunton-Douglas of Scarborough

Ireland
Joan Alexandrene Robb of Belfast
John Robb of Belfast
Thomas Joseph Hoy of Belfast
Robert Keenan of Belfast
David Elvin Hamilton of Londonderry
Margaret Hamilton of Londonderry
George Frederick Brown of Belfast
Robert McKaig of Belfast
Mary Jean Brown of Belfast

Leeds
Derek Chapman of Bradford
Doris Anne Ireson of Huddersfield

Liverpool
Dorothy Emily Davis Knetch of Liverpool
Dorothy Miller Armstrong of Wigan
Robert Stephen Wain of Liverpool
Elizabeth Rose Wain of Liverpool

Manchester
Peter David Gregson of Wythenshawe
John Shuttleworth of Ashton
Patricia Shuttleworth of Ashton
Robert Ian Preston of Ashton
Edna May Donnelly of Wythenshawe

Newcastle
Alice Joyce Conlin of Middlesbrough

North London
Imants Jaunitis of Oxford
Kay June Stafford of Southend
Leonard Thomas Rosamond of Romford
Raymond Adrian Kemp of Romford
Lilian Agnes Bayliss of Oxford
Alexander Leslie Bayliss of Oxford
Trevor Jones of Romford

Norwich
Patricia Godfred of Gorleston
Pamela Jean Partridge of Gorleston
David James Morse of Gorleston
Dennis Robert George Adcock of Norwich
Joyce Barbara Evans Adcock of Norwich
Edwin George Jewell Kyte of Norwich

Nottingham
Margaret Anne Palmer of Leicester
Gordon Eric Cooper of Derby
Joan Cooper of Derby

Scotland
Mark Edward Jefferson of Edinburgh
William Kean of Paisley
David Gordon Clark Burns of Edinburgh
Elizabeth Burns of Edinburgh
Jennifer Duff Waddell of Glasgow
Evelyn Wilson of Paisley
Henry Wilson of Paisley
David Finlay McKenzie of Glasgow
David Johnstone of Airdrie
Peter Smith of Airdrie
Josephine Mary Begley of Glasgow

Sheffield
Brian Aldridge of Sheffield
Margaret Mary Noble of Doncaster
Walter Noble of Doncaster

South London
James Sidney Hart of Newchapel
Leonard Edward Mann of Newchapel
Constance Dorothy Godrich-Dixon of Brighton
Graham Peter Godrich-Dixon of Brighton
Gladys Nellie Deane of Brighton

Wales

June Hazard of Pontypool
John Campbell Hazard of Pontypool
Winifred Ellen Hazard of Pontypool

Michael George Hazard of Pontypool
Gwladys Alberta Gornicki of Pontypool
Tadeuz Valentine Gornicki of Pontypool

MISSION CALLINGS

District Presidents

Archibald R. Richardson—Scotland
Dennis Livesey—Leeds
Robert G. Larson—Liverpool
Jeffrey F. Packe—Norwich
Alfred E. Southgate—South London
Clarence S. McCune—Wales

Branch Presidents

Alma L. Carlisle—Bristol
Wilfred Cotton-Betteridge—Cheltenham
Francis E. Halliday—Stroud
P. J. Everitt—Hull
Albert L. Taaffe—Scunthorpe
Herbert W. Brooks—Bangor
Victor J. Burner—Portadown
Ronald F. Lovell—Glasgow
Herbert J. Cogan—Huddersfield
Harry Butler—Liverpool

Ronald Hughes—Preston

John R. Fountain—Rochdale
Harold C. Anderson—Newcastle
Ronald Whan—Sunderland
Robert F. Parker—Luton
Arthur Wilmott—North London
Loren V. Guthrie III—Oxford
John Buchan—Lowestoft
Larry T. Adams—Loughborough
Aubrey Nettleship—Sheffield
Terence F. Greenwood—South London
Geoffrey G. Clench—Southampton
Norman D. Wright—Swansea
Lew D. Stratton—Newton Abbot

Others

Patriek G. Fleming appointed president
of Sixth Quorum of Elders

DISTRICT MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES

HULL DISTRICT

Howard Lloyd - District Mission President

March 29, 1959

Michael Reynolds
Ernest Draper
Dorothy Draper
Grace R. Campbell
Mary Jones
Kenneth Jones
Daphne Deighton
Ralph Scott
Rhoda Scott
Raymond Scott
Irene Scott
Arthur Thompson
George Hill
Ernest Church

Joyce Church
Ronald J. Manders
Janet B. Lloyd
A. Wardle
Dennis Oxenham
Reginald Turver
Madge Wilkinson
Valerie Wilkinson
Leslie Bushell
Queenie Bushell
Janet Lloyd
Stephanie Hill
James C. Holmes
Robert Thistleton

Doreen Aubery
Gerald R. Aubery
Stella Messinger
Frederick James Stone
Alan Kennington
Peter D. Witcherley
Rose Simpson
David Gummer
Derek S. Adams
William R. Collier
T. Crosby
Gerald Crosby
Elsie Arnott
Rachell Speck

NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT

Neil McEwen - District Mission President

April 12, 1959

Peter John Williams
Dixie Lee Minson
Alice Eileen Wilson
Cyril Wilson
Julianne Swinscoe
Bernice Anne Pickering
Terence King
Anthony Benjamin Cooper

Derek Spriggs
George Reginald Sunderland
Florence May Kiddy
Gillian Mary Sisson
Ann Patricia Woodward
Ann Calderwood
Ronald Anthony-Bonser
Edgar Raymond Needham

Derek Alfred Cuthbert
Neville Maurice O'dham
Amy Elisabeth Bryant
Christina Dorothy Bryant
Aileen Stocks
Janet Margrie
Helen Evelyn Jowett
Jacqueline Anne Brown

NEWCASTLE DISTRICT

Derek Parkin - District Mission President

April 18, 1959

November, 1958

David Bate
Margaret Bate
Ronald Whan
Florence Whan
Derek Smith
Gladys Quayle

February 8, 1959

James Clifford Gwynn
Joan Gwynn
Andrew Penman Hancock
Jane Foster Hancock
Barry Hicks
Jean L. M. Hicks
Derek Parkin
Christine Oakley
Elizabeth Milligan

February 15, 1959

Olive Burns
Dorothy Peacock
Valerie Cowan
Mary Mawlam

March 1, 1959

Robert William Johnson
David William Deacon
Ilderton Goodall Al'en
Yevonne May Richmond
Sheila Wakefield

March 8, 1959

Mary Johnson
Barbara Rose Johnson
Rita Smith
Vera Christie
Brenda Kelly

Jane Charlotte Lane

March 15, 1959

Evelyn Young
Gloria Dodds Young
Ann Smith
Honorja Baker
Vera Grey
Gertrude Cooper
Ernest Alfred James Cooper
Nichol Munroe
Preston Hooper Thompson
Jim Smillie

March 29, 1959

Dennis Gordon Noble
James Laurie
John Thomas Lamb
Maureen Barbara John

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT

April 5, 1959

Chester H. Asay - District Mission President

Gordon Hansen Low
 Patricia Speller
 Frank Barton
 Desmond John McGrath

Clinton Lee
 Eric H. Lock
 Donald Pinney
 Gail Pinney

Robert Silcott
 Winifred Silcott

MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES

ARRIVALS :

March 31, 1959

Elder Clive J. Kinghorn
Elder Michael Henry Stevens
Elder Dean Richard Sorensen

From
 Rigby, Idaho
 Salt Lake City, Utah
 Pocatello, Idaho

To
 Birmingham
 Leeds
 Norwich

TRANSFERS :

April 2, 1959

Elder Jerry Hiatt

April 3, 1959

Elder Lew D. Stratton

April 6, 1959

Elder Paul Thompson

April 8, 1959

Sister LaRue Woodall

April 21, 1959

Elder Teddy McKay

Elder Bryan Wilkinson

From
 South London

To
 Norwich

Norwich

Bristol

South London

Ireland

Leeds

Newcastle

Newcastle

South London

South London

Newcastle

APPOINTMENTS :

Elder John B. Anderson appointed Supervising Elder of North London District, effective April 3, 1959.
Elder Jack L. Booth appointed Supervising Elder of Newcastle District, effective April 2, 1959.

RELEASES :

May 3, 1959

Elder Richard L. Peterson

May 5, 1959 (extended to June 30)

Sister Jeanette Clark

May 20, 1959

Elder Wilson Kenneth Shoell

Elder Gary L. Stewart*†

May 26, 1959

Sister Vonda Lee Shaffer

Sister Vonda Sedgwick

From
 Ephraim, Utah

Districts
 Leeds, Manchester

Wythenshawe, Manchester

Manchester, Wales, Liverpool

Orem, Utah
 Kaysville, Utah

Birmingham, Hull
 Nottingham, Norwich, South London

Alberta, Canada
 Arco, Idaho

Norwich, South London
 Bristol, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leeds,
 Wales

* Norwich District President
 † South London Supervising Elder

RICHARD L. PETERSON

VONDA SEDGWICK

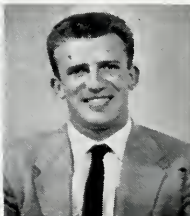
GARY L. STEWART



JEANETTE CLARK

WILSON KENNETH SHOELL

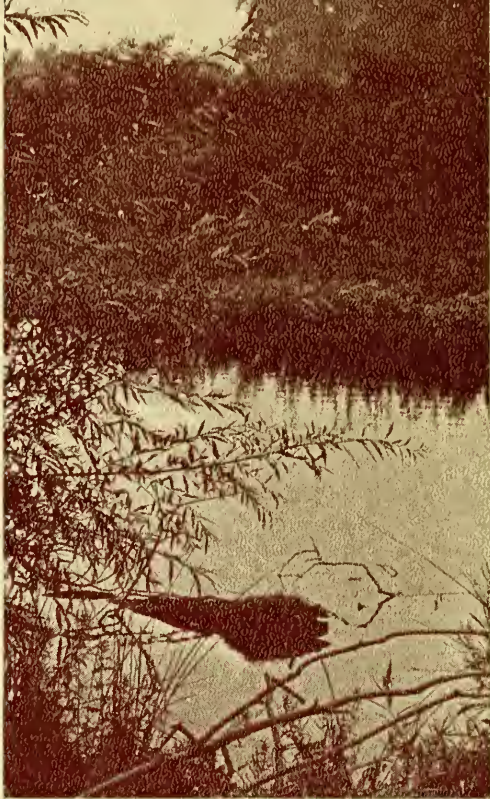
VONDA LEE SHAFFER



OUR CHILDREN'S LEGACY

OUR CHILDREN should not be neglected ; they should receive a proper education in both spiritual and temporal things. That is the best legacy any parents can leave to their children. We should teach them to pray, and instil into their minds while young every correct principle. Ninety-nine out of every hundred children who are taught by their parents the principles of honesty and integrity, truth and virtue, will observe them through life. Such principles will exalt any people or nation who make them the rule of their conduct. Show me a mother who prays, who has passed through the trials of life by prayer, who has trusted in the Lord God of Israel in her trials and difficulties, and her children will follow in the same path. These things will not forsake them when they come to act in the kingdom of God . . .

—*Wilford Woodruff*



THE NEARBY POND

The Gate was Opened

In March of 1840 Wilford Woodruff called at the Benbow Hill Farm in Herefordshire and found the gate open and the people waiting to receive the Gospel. In a nearby pond 600 persons were baptised by Elder Woodruff and eventually over 1,000 people came into the Church through the missionary labours in the area.

May 1959 - Beginning the 120th year